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GISELA HEGELER.

DIED JUNE 10, 1892.

THE greatest teacher of mankind is death. When his cold breath touches one of our beloved, he brings peace to the sufferer but causes at the same time affliction, anguish and sorrow in the hearts of the surviving. And our affliction is greater, our anguish deeper, our sorrow more intense, when the demise is untimely; when death leaves the old to mourn for the young, and when parents bury their child!

Gisela Hegeler died in the bloom of her youth. Scarcely developed to the fulness of life, she passed away from the happy circle of her family and left behind her, grief-stricken and weeping, parents, brothers, sisters, and friends.

Gisela Hegeler was born November 15, 1869. She was in her childhood as strong and vigorous as her brothers and sisters; but during her attendance at the high school of Ottawa, Illinois, and later on, at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor, her health gradually became delicate. While home for the Christmas vacation, in 1890, she was seized with an attack of the Grippe which became chronic, and soon showed symptoms of consumption. All that medical art and change of climate could do for her was done, but all in vain. In spite of all the care taken by her parents, she faded slowly away to sink into an early grave.

* * *

In death we confront the deepest problem of life. Is it possible that man can die? that he will return to the dust out of which he was taken? We see the bodies of those that slumber the sleep of eternity, dissolve into the elements and we ask anxiously, Is that the end of all? Is man's life ephemeral—to enjoy himself a short while, and then to pass out of existence as though he had never been? Are his days, as says the Psalmist, like grass? As the flower of the field, so he flourisheth? The wind passes over it and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more?

We bewail the dear hope that is broken forever, we mourn for the faithful, loving daughter, the sweet sister, the affectionate friend; we weep for her, we remember her. Nevertheless, we sorrow not even as

others which have no hope. She has gone from us: the beautiful virgin temple of her tender form has been broken and the earth claims the ashes of her body out of which it was built. But her soul stays with us and will remain a holy presence in our midst. Her life is not spent like a tale that is told as if she had never been, for the remembrance of her is and will remain a reality. Though she died, she is still living, and she will live as long as we ourselves live; as long as others after us will live, who like us struggle for and aspire to the same aims, the same goals, the same ideals.

We bewail our loss, but do not lament her lot; for we know that she is beyond all pain. At the same time we know that in spirit she is still with us. Therefore, let us cease to speak of her in sorrow. Rather let us speak of her as one that has been transfigured. For indeed she has been transfigured by the suffering that she patiently bore, and by having passed through the ordeal which brings the soul of man to that beyond where all struggle, all conceit, all vanity, all the temptations of life, where also all anxiety, all pain, all tribulation, are no more.

There is a strange, pathetic interest connected with those patients whose strength is consumed by the insidious enemy who took away our dear beloved dead. The famous scientist who studied the physiognomies of such patients, and made composite photographs of their faces, could not help expressing his deep sympathy with their character as a type, and he says that he returned day after day to his tedious work of classification with a liking for the objects of his study.

What is the cause of the sympathy that is naturally awakened by the pale, delicate, thoughtful face of the sufferer who thus fades away? His body is doomed to die, but his untarnished soul is not touched by disease: it is on the contrary regenerated by his sad fate, which repeats to us the great lesson of the tragedy of Golgotha that teaches us to suffer without complaining; for not in happiness lies the value of life, but in achievements, in worthy thoughts, in energetic deeds, and in the good example we set to others. No victory without struggle, no work without toil; and suffering, far from injuring a noble soul, will elevate, purify and sanctify it.

And the lesson that Death teaches us is that we—all of us—shall have to travel on the same road: we shall have to pass through the same ordeal to that same solemn beyond which, although it portends an annihilation of our present being, is no empty non-existence, but a higher kind of life—a life woven of the timeless threads of eternity—a transfigured life.

Let us, then, number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom: let us so live that in the hour of passing out of this existence we shall have nothing to regret or repent. If we are thus worthily prepared for it, our thought of that grand beyond will be serene and calm. When no blot will stain our life, our memory will be dear to those whom we leave behind, and our after life will be a blessing to future generations which will come to live in our place.

Our views of life have changed much, through the influence of a more scientific, of a deeper and better insight into the mysteries of existence. We have replaced many mythological ideas by more correct and by truer statements, but we have not lost the properly religious spirit that, as we do not deny, lives in the mythologies of the past. We endeavor to preserve, and we do preserve, this religious spirit fully and wholly.

Some see only the negative side of the results of scientific research, but there is a positive side too. The poetic ornament naturally grows so dear to the yearning and enthusiastic heart, that he who rejects the allegoric garb of the parables appears to discard religion as a whole and to destroy all its comfort. For this reason it is difficult to our generation to perceive that the simple truth is grander than the allegory in which it is contained and by which it is half concealed.

The allegory may be true as an allegory, although the allegorical element be a mere fiction or a poetical fancy. The value of the allegory however lies in the truth and not in the fiction be it ever so poetical.

We accept truth, scientifically demonstrable truth, and we trust in truth. We trust that truth alone can yield the balm for the wounds which truth so ruthlessly has inflicted. And in this trust in truth consists the true religious spirit. What our ancestors have seen as through a glass, darkly, we now see more directly and more clearly; what they believed through the help of mythological allegories, we now know to be truths of science.

The trust in truth enables us to bear the afflictions of life as strongly as did our brave forefathers; it strengthens us to look death, unflinching, in his stern face; and more so, it gives us the power to live and to die in peace. We have faith in the majestic, moudrous, and immutable laws of that All-Being in which we live

and move and have our being. In that great reality of which and to which we are, we may confidently and trustingly rest our fate, for it alone is the Rock of Ages, and faith in it is superior to all creeds. All creeds of the past are an attempt at finding it; they have found it and describe it in parables, and the parables find their interpretation and fulfilment in the truth revealed by science.

* * *

My dear brothers, sisters, friends, when you find that parables are similes, and that mythologies are allegorical expressions that fail to be consistent and literally believable, do not forget that parables have a meaning, and when, by the progress of your mind, you begin to long for something better than the mythologies of former ages, do not forget that mythologies were the vehicles of grand ideas. Do not become impatient with the fiction of the simile of which you ought to have known beforehand that it is insufficient. Discard it if needs be, but preserve the truth it contains.

Above all, bear in mind that the purified knowledge of scientific research knows of no death. What seems so is a phase of life, and the state after life is no mere non-existence; it is the immortal blessing of a transfigured soul.

* * *

And now I bid thee, in the name of thy parents, brothers, sisters, and friends, a last farewell. May thy body peacefully slumber in consecrated ground: but thou thyself remain with us and live in our hearts as a powerful presence to enhance, elevate, and sanctify our lives.

Farewell!

TEETH SET ON EDGE IN THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

IN the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly* one of "The Contributors' Club" gives a little essay of three columns under the title "Teeth Set on Edge." It is not, as might be thought, a dental admonition except in the transcendental way. The aim is, apparently, to present a curious *collectanea* of instances showing the tendency of parental beliefs, if strongly pronounced, to cause reactions in families. The text about fathers eating sour grapes and their children's teeth being set on edge, seems hardly felicitous for the Contributor's purpose, as it suggests heredity of a direct kind. But possibly I have mistaken his purpose. If one might take his title literally it must be admitted that this Contributor's article, as a dental operation, is a success. What it is as a literary performance may be judged by the subjoined extracts and comments.

1. "The Brights have been Quakers for centuries, but John Bright's sister, with her Quaker husband, Frederic Lucas, became a Romanist." Through many

years I enjoyed the friendship of Mr. and Mrs. Lucas; I was a writer on the London *Morning Star*, edited by Mr. Lucas, and remember the sorrow of all radicals at his death. I had never heard of any Catholic proclivities in the Lucases, nor in any of the Bright family or connection, and was astounded by this *Atlantic* revelation. Yet so simple was my faith in the infallibility of the Hub in general, and its venerable magazine in particular, that my common sense was readily surrendered, and not recovered until I came upon—

2. "The Rev. Charles Voysey, expelled from the Church of England for heresy, now a freethought minister in London, has two daughters who have both become nuns." I lately heard that a daughter of Mr. Voysey had become a bride, though not of the church; I cannot positively assert that he has not two others who have become nuns, though, having known the family many years, I think I should have heard of it had it been true. But it seems strange that a contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly* should not know that the Church of England does not expel people for heresy. Mr. Voysey was never expelled from the Church of England, but is a clergyman thereof to this day. Though deprived of his incumbency he might be presented with another, should any gentleman owning control of a living become a convert to his views. Mr. Voysey's teeth will probably be set on edge when he finds himself described as "a freethought minister," as he is a rather *doctrinaire* Theist, uses a prayer book, and is somewhat antagonistic to the "freethinkers," so-called.

3. The Contributor says: "Bradlaugh, who refused to take the Christian oath on entering the House of Commons, had religious parents, and has a brother who is a Scripture reader." (Bradlaugh also read the Scriptures a good deal.) There is no Christian oath in the House of Commons,—none that a Jew or a Brahman cannot take. Bradlaugh did not refuse the usual oath but the House refused to administer it to him; his chief offence was that he rushed up to the table in the House and administered it to himself.

4. Here is one more example of this Contributor's omniscience: "Of [Cardinal] Newman's two brothers, Francis first turned to agnosticism, and then swung half back to Unitarianism." No one acquainted with Professor Newman's writings could imagine that he ever had any leaning towards agnosticism. When he became dissatisfied with the Church of England, in which he was born, he "first turned" to the extreme scriptural literalism of the Plymouth Brethren. He married a Plymouth Sister, who remained such to the end of her life. Very gradually he became a pronounced Theist, and has never undergone any reaction. Under the leadership of James Martineau many of the English Unitarians advanced to Professor Newman's views, and all of them, or nearly all, to a friendly relation with

Theism; and he regarded it as but just to recognise that advance by uniting with them, especially as they were adopting and pressing forward certain social reforms in which he was deeply interested. But this recognition of the Unitarians was accompanied by a reaffirmation of his Theism and of his disbelief in supernaturalism, which indeed are in perfect accord with the later position of Dr. Martineau. I have known Professor Newman intimately since 1863, and at no time could he be rightly described as an agnostic or a reactionaire. Two years ago I visited the venerable author in his home, and was moved to admiration by his great conversation, showing as it did that he was still advancing to wider horizons of ethical and religious thought.

Quis custodiet custodes. Here is a magazine supposed to represent the culture of the most scholarly city in America misleading the public on some of the most important points connected with the movements of religious thought. For if my reader will examine the blunders recited above, he will perceive that the errors concerning persons betray profound ignorance of religious tendencies in the English Church, in English Unitarianism, and of all the matters concerning which the writer undertakes to generalise. It will also be seen that this is an educated ignorance. The writer has his "hobby," and turns leading men, women, churches, into saddles and bridles for it. The fact that he is permitted to ride his hobby in the *Atlantic Monthly* is an unpleasant indication that a culture of ignorance, as to religious matters, is going on in some influential circles. It is possible to deal with simple ignorance, but not with educated ignorance; for this carries prepossession to the extreme of "possession."

I was lately told of a poor fellow in a lunatic asylum who passes his whole time riding a hobby-horse. Some visitor said to him, "You have a fine horse." "This is not a horse," replied the lunatic, "it's a hobby. Don't you know a horse from a hobby?" "There's a difference?" "Yes, a great difference," said the lunatic; "you can get down from a horse, but not from a hobby."

The *Atlantic* Contributor had a fair horse to start with,—that one extreme begets another. Unfortunately he gets down from that and mounts a hobby,—a notion that the normal and rational developments of religious thought are "extremes," begetting reactions. But they are nothing of the kind; they are really the conservative religious forces. The children of liberal thinkers are generally liberals. Darwin, Emerson, Frothingham, the Channings, the Martineaus, the Carpenters, represent lines of ancestral liberalism. The actions and reactions noted by the *Atlantic* contributor are the forward and backward movements given by his own muscles to his own lifeless hobby.

MY FRIEND THE SOCIALIST.

A STUDY FROM LIFE.

BY WILLIAM SCHUYLER.

ONE winter I attended a series of "Economical Conferences" as they were called. As motley an assemblage as I ever saw took part in them. There were solid men of business, "leading citizens," prominent lawyers, "single tax cranks," trades union men, and full fledged socialists. No one avowed himself an anarchist, but two or three of the company were suspected of having strong leanings in that direction. Some able papers were read, and there was much discussion, some valuable, some profitless. I doubt whether there were any converts made by any party, the outcome of the arguments seeming to be that each person was still further strengthened in his previous opinion. The real benefit of the meetings was that all who were in earnest came to know more about the standpoints and opinions of the opposing sections.

As far as I was concerned, I gained most from the study of the curious characters I met there, and none was more curious and striking than that of the man I afterwards learned to call "my friend the Socialist"; for we became very much attached to each other in the course of our acquaintance, and the friendship then formed still exists.

He first attracted my attention by the deep and in fact deadly earnestness with which he expressed his ideas and combatted those of his opponents. Many of us took the meetings lightly as a sort of intellectual amusement, but to him they seemed a matter of life and death. He apparently considered himself as "the voice of one crying in the wilderness," preaching a new religion, the only thing which could save humanity,—that poor humanity, which was, as he expressed it, "slowly dying, throttled in the relentless grasp of bourgeois capitalism."

Being a foreigner, he had some difficulty with the English idiom, but the very effort which the expression of his ideas cost him made them only the more impressive when they finally obtained utterance.

He was a native of Poland, tall, slender, dark, and was clad in a well kept suit of fine cloth, although his linen was not always immaculate. His forehead, full and high, denoted intellect; his heavy jaw, force; his piercing eye, determination; and the deep lines of his face, sorrow and suffering. It was not a pleasant face to look upon, but one that left a lasting impression. There was a striking contrast between him and the volatile Americans, to whom abstract ideas are as luxuries, to be dropped at any moment for practical business considerations—the necessities of our modern life. *His* ideas were to him sacred revelations, dearer

than life itself. I believe he would have really enjoyed being hung, or electrocuted if he had thought that his death could in any way help along the Sacred Cause of Socialism.

Although earning his living by a handicraft, he was not an uneducated man. His small but well selected library bristled with the works of Marx, Lasalle, Bebel, and the like, while Mill, Spencer, and George were not lacking. The training of my friend had been peculiar. His father, a Jewish Rabbi, had intended him to follow the same profession, and, after grounding him thoroughly in Hebrew and in the Talmud, had sent him to Berlin to complete his studies. There the young student, having fallen into the company of Liebknecht and Bebel and other distinguished socialists, had been converted from Judaism, and had adopted socialism as a religion. For socialism is to many of its followers a religion—Karl Marx is its prophet, and "Das Kapital" its Koran.

My friend was of a deeply religious nature, one of those men who must have some firm creed to cling to, some great idea to promulgate, some hope to live for, and some cause for which to die. And socialism was all that to him. For socialism he had given up country, home, family, and a comfortable living, since he had been promptly disowned by his rabbinical father on the news of his apostasy, and had been obliged to exchange a life of intellectual work for one of hard manual labor. But he never regretted it. "If I had it to do all over again," he once said to me, "and knew in the beforetime that the sufferings and the trials would be thousand-fold what they have already been, I should not one minute hesitate." And his face lighted up with a smile such as must have illumined the early Christian martyrs when the lions were let loose. For he had all the characteristics of the typical fanatics and martyrs, all their indomitable determination, their unreasoning intolerance, and their perfect trust in their formula.

In the early days of our acquaintance I used to argue with him, and try to shake his faith. But he was always immovable. As I unfolded so carefully, so logically as I thought, my ideas of true democracy—the more complete freedom of the individual, the repeal of all sumptuary laws, the minimizing of governmental interference—a pitying smile would spread over his face at what he thought was my blindness. Then he would once more reiterate his socialistic formulas, which he always carried about with him, cut and dried and ready for use. He would tell me that it was only by extending governmental control to the means of production and distribution of wealth, by the people taking possession of all capital, that the individual would obtain the opportunity for his true development.

The word "Government" had a sort of cabalistic effect with him. It was the most sacred thing in the universe. His bitterest tirades were for those who would overthrow Government. He would have Government raised to the "nth degree." To be sure, he was only too willing to attack and overthrow some governments—for instance, the empire in Germany, the monarchy in England, the "bourgeois republic" in France, and even our own boasted constitution; but they were all as false gods, who were doomed to fall before the millennial coming of the True and Only God, the Ideal and Perfect Government, the "Social Democracy." And he uttered this name with bated breath as though he were in the presence of divinity.

Anyone who has ever argued with religious fanatics of any denomination on their special points of doctrine, will understand why, after a few trials, I ceased attempting to shake his belief. I must say, however, that he never faltered in his efforts for my conversion; for his ideas were firm convictions—matters of faith. I could easily see how he could differ from me—I differ from myself every six months or so—my working hypotheses of life being altered continually by new observations and experience; but he could never understand why, if I really thought and reasoned about the matter, I did not accept *his* formulas. Like the old opinion which the inquisitors held of the heretics, it was purely a "question of will." I could believe in the truth *if I wanted to*, and why I did not want to was beyond his comprehension; for he admitted to me that he thought I was honest.

A party of "society people" having picked up something about the "social question" in newspapers and elsewhere, and being in search of some Lenten novelty, resolved to have a series of meetings to be addressed by various cranks and doctrinaires. My friend the Socialist accepted an invitation to read them a paper on "Trades Unions." I was quite curious to see how he would behave himself in such company, and attended the meeting. As I entered the richly furnished hall where the dilettante sociologists were gathered, I saw him talking to some of the ladies who clustered about him as they would about some strange fish in an aquarium. He seemed, however, not in the least embarrassed, and was answering with great ease the multitudinous questions that only young American women can put. He would occasionally halt, or stammer for an instant, but that was only because he was butting against some rugged English idiom, and when he found the word or phrase he was searching for, he would cast it at them as freely as if it were a tennis ball. I knew that some of the young women, expecting this "common workman," this "labor agitator," to be overawed by the fashionable assemblage, had in the tenderness of their hearts made up their minds to

give him as much assistance as possible, and to quite put themselves out in order to put him at ease. Their surprise was almost overwhelming when they saw him drop into their exclusive circle with as little embarrassment as if he had always moved there.

I asked him afterwards, if he had not felt a little awkward at first in meeting so much youth, beauty, and wealth. But he replied with a smile:

"Well, my friend, I must confess that just before I started to arrive there, I felt—well, shall I say it?—just a little afear'd. But, to myself I said: 'Are you not in reality fully as good as them? What have they more than you but riches which they have not earned by themselves, and does that better them any? Also, possess you not much more than them, in that you have namely the knowledge of the truth; the which they with all their wealth and school days have not? Therefore, take courage, speak the truth! Why fear?'"

Nor did he fear. Though the "voice crying in the wilderness" was very soft and gentle—he was no loud mouthed demagogue—it said clearly what it had to say. To him, Trades Unionism was only a makeshift, a school to educate workmen in the principles of socialism.

Said he: "If you mention the word 'Socialism' in a lodge of the Knights of Labor, it will be hissed; if you proclaim yourself that you are a Socialist it will be that you are to a certainty brickbatted or rottenegged; but, contrariwise, if you talk about the government control of the railroads or other lines of business—that is to say, to wit, any part of the Socialistic programme, only, dare not to speak the word 'Socialism,' and you will be verily cheered to the skies. Yes, we Socialists work in secret, namely, in small groups. We know not always who be our comrades, but we know the cause for the which we are ready to die!"

And then that soft voice in the foreign phrase and accent went on coolly prophesying revolution, blood, and destruction, if the "bourgeois world" did not repent, and turn from its "lying and its robbery and its murder of the toiling masses." For, as he continued:—"Ours is the world, and its riches, namely, the things which we make. And we will have them, peaceably if can, forcibly if must." And a shudder passed over that light assembly as the speaker's eyes flashed flame. He looked as though *he* personally would prefer the "forcibly if must."

Then he went on to say that as far as strikes were concerned, he did not care much whether the workmen gained or lost—either case was of advantage to the Revolution. If the men won, it showed them the advantages of organisation. If they lost,—especially if the law, or the police, or the Pinkertons were employed against them—it widened the gulf between "the workers and the idlers," deepened their mutual

hatred, taught the wage earners that they must depend upon themselves, upon their organisation, and so hastened the time when the proletariat would rise in the might of its overwhelming numbers and recover its own. "Unser die Welt trotz alledem!"

Then he attacked Christianity and the Church, proclaiming the gospel of Socialism. "That new gospel," he continued, "who is fated to supplant the old one, which has verily failed in all its aims. For I say to you that Socialism has done more for the masses in one generation than Christianity in eighteen centuries! Now, truly, is come the time of the masses,—let the classes beware!"

During the discussion which followed the reading of his paper, in answer to the question, "Whether people could not manage to live quite well on certain wages?" he rose to his feet, and stretching out his bony finger towards the feminine portion of the audience, said in a still lower tone, but one which penetrated like a chill:

"Do you know, ladies, that there are women, young and beautiful like you, who can only by their utmost labor make but one dollar and a half a week? Do you know what that means? Do you know what kind of a life they must verily lead? Do you know what they are driven to—these women, young and beautiful like yourselves? If you ask me I shall tell you."

Nobody asked him, he did not tell it; and everybody was glad when the discussion closed a few minutes afterwards. My friend the Socialist was bent on telling the truth, and verily the whole truth; and if there is anything that polite society dreads it is the whole truth.

Upon his invitation I once addressed a meeting of his socialistic comrades, and set forth my individualistic notions on legislation. I shall never forget the occasion. When I had finished my paper, one after another, men with determined faces and indeterminate English, rose and denounced me. To them I was a blasphemer. I had attacked their God, the Great Social Democracy! I had attempted to discredit their prophet, Karl Marx! I had spoken lightly of their Bible, "Das Kapital!" Truly the world would go to the "demnition bow-wows" were such ideas as mine to prevail! It was too much under the dominion of them already; but soon the Almighty Social Democracy would rise in His Power, and dash His Enemies to Pieces!

Nearly every word in their speeches was capitalised. Every sentence ended with a point of interrogation or exclamation, and fairly bristled with italics. They spoke not as men who know that they see through a glass darkly, but as men who believe that they view the Eternal Truth face to face. I saw that I was in

the presence of the votaries of a new religion, who were ready, nay, anxious to become martyrs.

I felt that these men must be reckoned with in the future, and that the reckoning would be a dread reckoning; for it would not be dealing with opinions or matters of business or profit and loss, but with a faith, firm and unshakable in the ultimate triumph of a divine cause. And as I thought of the rapid spread of the idea of governmental interference, of national ownership of the railways and telegraphs and so on, when I recalled the platforms of the Farmers' Alliance, of the Knights of Labor, and of the People's Party, I knew that the reckoning would be not with a few fanatics, but with ill-balanced, enthusiastic masses—and I trembled.

I made no attempt to reply to their objections. I saw that it would be useless. It does no good to butt your head against a stone wall.

As I left the hall, my friend the Socialist joined me. He wished to say good by.

"Why are you leaving the city?" I asked.

"Well, my friend, here have I been for over two years, and that is the longest I have abided in one place since I left my home. I am a species of Wandering Jew," he said with a laugh. "I have performed much agitation, I have organised the wage earners in this place greatly. I need the fresh pastures."

"But why not remain here where you have been so successful?"

"Well, the truth I must tell you, I have lost my situation."

"Are you blacklisted?"

"No, no. Our union is too strong to allow that. But business is of a surety dull at present. The bosses are discharging many hands—they must—there is no work for them. I have been very prominent in labor circles. I am not afeared. I sometimes tell to the bosses my mind. So naturally I am the first to go. But I complain not."

"What are you going to do? Have you any savings?"

"Oh, no! All my spare money has gone for the Cause. But I am not afeared. I have no wife, no children. I have never dared to take a wife unto myself lest I might be hampered in the work. I am lonesome, but therefore am I strong."

"Have you no plan?"

"As yet, nothing. But I cannot be downed. I am of pure Jewish blood, and I shall always fall upon my feet. If I cannot do anything else I can sell something. The whole of your Christianity has tried to down our race for centuries, and here we are stronger than ever. As my race so am I. And then my cause is just—that gives me strength."

I smiled.

"Oh, you may laugh to yourself! but you shall of a surety come over to us yet. If you continue in honesty you shall see that only we have the truth. *Auf Wiedersehen!* You shall hear from me yet."

I have heard from him frequently. He is already at the front of the labor agitation in a neighboring city.

A CONCILIATION OF RELIGION WITH SCIENCE.

THERE are two truths to be minded by those who aspire after a conciliation of religion with science: first, we should learn that science and philosophy have a religio-ethical importance, and second, that the religious problem is not different from other problems; it has to be solved by the same methods—the methods of scientific inquiry—as are applicable in all other fields. There are workers in both domains, that of religion and that of science, who are attempting to tunnel through the almost unsurmountable mountain ridge which has been raised between science and religion by a tradition of several hundred years; and it is to be expected that those whose calculations are correct will meet one another half way.

Mr. Lyman Abbott, the well known editor of the *Christian Union*, has published, about a week or two ago, a little book entitled "The Evolution of Christianity," and we recognise in him a man who is endeavoring to tunnel boldly through the mountain we have spoken of, and if he has not as yet arrived at the other side, we are glad to find him working his way in the right direction. Coming from the opposite side we can meet him and shake hands in the hope that there will soon be a time when all obstacles and discrepancies between science and religion will be removed.

Mr. Lyman Abbott's book is full of the spirit of Christianity, but all the anti-scientific tendencies which an antiquated dogmatism imposes upon most of our churches, have been overcome. Mr. Lyman Abbott says:

"God has not given us an infallible standard, but something far better, namely, a divine revelation. There is one relatively infallible book in the world, 'Euclid's Geometry.' It was written years before Christ, and so far as I know, no material errors have been found in it from that day to this; but it has exerted no such influence upon mankind as the Bible. It is inerrant, but it is not divine. The value of the Bible consists not in the supposed fact that there are no errors in it, but in this, that its books have been written by men who, with various degrees of clearness of vision, saw God in his world of nature and in his world of men, and were able to make others see him. It is God—God's truth, God's life—revealed in and imparted by the Bible, which makes it a sacred book."

We agree with Mr. Abbott, but not entirely. We feel the purport of his distinction between Euclid as the representative of scientific inquiry, and the Bible, and we grant it is true enough so far as it goes; but it

is true only in a limited way. The ethical spirit of the sacred literature of religion had a much greater *direct* influence upon the large masses of mankind, but the *indirect* influence of scientific works will, *in the end*, be found at least as large, and I do not hesitate to say, even larger. Euclid's Geometry (and I mean by it, not Euclid's book, but the science of mathematics and the spirit of scientific research collectively) has changed the savage into the civilised man, and has transformed his crude superstitions into religion. From this standpoint I maintain that Euclid has exerted a greater influence upon mankind than the Bible; and more still, a great part of the Bible, a great part of the spirit of the Bible, is due to the principles contained in Euclid's Geometry.

Our theologians should learn—there are only few among them who know—that there is a holiness about mathematics which is not and cannot be excelled by the Bible. Mathematics is a revelation of God, our scientists and naturalists are true prophets of God, and the spirit of scientific inquiry is as much religious as any sermon in the pulpit or the homilies of preachers and priests.

Mr. Lyman Abbott says in the first lecture "Evolution and Religion":

"There has been much ignorance and more prejudice: on the part of theological experts, ignorance respecting the true nature of evolution; on the part of scientific experts, ignorance respecting the true nature of religion."

Mr. Abbott's statement cannot be denied, but we should say that the theologians' ignorance respecting the true nature of religion, and the scientists' ignorance respecting the true nature of evolution, have gone much farther to prevent a conciliation between science and religion. There have been, and there are still, naturalists of a world-wide reputation who regard the laws of nature, and especially the law of evolution, as immoral in the highest degree. There are also philosophers who join in the denunciation of nature as being immoral. It is sufficient to mention in this connection Huxley and John Stuart Mill as typical instances. On the other hand, nearly all prominent divines have almost *uni sono* defined and explained the nature of religion as something hostile to reason and to the principles of scientific inquiry. Our theologians are still under the spell of paganism, and will remain so until they have learned to appreciate the divinity that resides in science and the principles of scientific investigation.

Mr. Abbott says in the preface:

"We are living in a time of religious ferment. What shall we do? Attempt to keep the new wine in the old bottles? That can only end in destroying the bottles and spilling the wine. Attempt to stop the fermentation? Impossible! And if possible, the only result would be to spoil the wine. No! Put the new wine into

new bottles, that both may be preserved. Spiritual experience is always new. It must therefore find a new expression in each age. This book is an attempt to restate the eternal yet ever new truths of the religious life in the terms of modern philosophic thought.

"The teachers in the modern church may be divided into three parties: one is endeavoring to defend the faith of the fathers and the forms in which that faith was expressed; one repudiates both the faith and the forms; one holds fast to the faith, but endeavors to restate it in forms more rational and more consistent with modern habits of thought. To confound the second and third of these parties, because they agree in discarding ancient formularies, is a natural but a very radical blunder. The New Theology does not tend toward unfaith; it is, on the contrary, an endeavor to maintain faith by expressing it in terms which are more intelligible and credible."

It is probable that the Christian reader of Mr. Abbott's book will discover that the author has abandoned the historic faith of Christendom to become an evolutionist. But he has not only preserved, but also cleansed it of Pagan thought and feeling, and presents it in a purer and more powerful form. This was Mr. Lyman Abbott's endeavor, as he tells us in the preface, and in this he has succeeded. P. C.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE BASIS OF ETHICS.

Gross-Lichterfelde, Berlin, April 30, '92.

To the Editor of *The Open Court*:

My best thanks for kindly sending me the articles on Ethical Societies in *The Open Court*, which I have read with great interest. What is said against the lack of principle in the Ethical Societies, I regard as very true. There is no ethics which does not rest upon some theoretical conviction concerning the nature and position of man in the world, be this conviction derived from a religious tradition, or constituted by philosophy. In the latter case its authority and motive power with the people, would, to be sure, always remain problematic. Therefore, the historically given religion can never be dispensed with in the education of the people. It is however, possible to purify it scientifically.

Yours truly,
D. PFLEIDERER.

NOTES.

Prof. George John Romanes's book "Darwin and After Darwin," the first volume of which has just been published by The Open Court Pub. Co., is the most recent presentation we have of the evolution theory, written by a man who is recognised as being its most competent expounder. The first volume comprising 460 pp. treats of the following subjects: "Classification"; "Morphology"; "Embryology"; "Paleontology"; "Geographical Distribution"; "The Theory of Natural Selection"; "Evidences of the Theory of Natural Selection"; "Criticisms of the Theory of Natural Selection"; "The Theory of Sexual Selection." The work is profusely illustrated, the frontispiece being an excellent engraving of Darwin's head in profile.

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